

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRATLING, MICHIGAN.

LORENZOLA died poor. His estate consists of eighty-four widows and a lost cause.

The Princess of Wales will, it is said, withdraw from society, and no wonder. A lady of refined instincts would naturally object to society that has the Prince of Wales for a prominent figure.

The Chinese Six Companies have consented to the enforcement of the laws of the United States. This is kindness, itself. It was feared that the Six Companies intended to over-ride the Federal statute.

Why do so few farmers keep bees? Certainly the expense of keeping them is not very heavy, and all the bee-keepers become enthusiastic over the insects. A nervous person should not undertake bee-keeping, even on a small scale, as they irritate the bees, but some persons can work safely among them without the need of gloves or yell for protection.

Or all the myths of the fairy age, of its many legends and enchantments, true love seems to be the one great charm which has come down to us unchanged by time, untouched by steam engines, and unexplained by science. True love is true love by whatever signs and language it is spoken—as long as hearts beat, as long as life exists, in whatever age, iron or golden, we must seek it.

A NATURAL well of vinegar was something which, until very lately, even the famous soil of Southwestern Missouri was thought incapable of producing. When the proprietors of a Vernon County sorghum factory had their plant destroyed by fire they were naturally put out, but the molasses ran into a cistern of water, and they are now dipping out vinegar by the hundred barrels as a result of fermentation.

ELECTRICITY didn't make its first appearance in canal work on the Erie Canal. Cassel's Magazine reports that electric propulsion has been in vogue for some time on the Canal du Bourgogne, in France. The French boats have electric gears which attach a chain to the bottom of the canal and drag the boat along. This is a rather primitive contrivance in comparison with the trolley and screw wheel.

An employing printer advertised for a "first-class proof-reader," and had answers sent to the address "Nonpareil." Of the twenty-one replies received, four were addressed to "Nonpareil" and one to "Nonpareil." When it is remembered that one of the elementary and indispensable qualifications of a proof-reader is accuracy in spelling, the humor of such applications must be evident to every one but the applicants.

THERE were able and learned men on the board which arbitrated the differences between the United States and Great Britain on the Behring sea matter, but subsequent developments show that neither party to the controversy is satisfied with the result of their joint labors. They made a legal requirement and neglected to provide any punishment for its violation. They also entered into an agreement under which the Canadians claim that their seal possessions will be rendered valueless to them. In some of this there is a thoughtlessness of which average country lawyers in this country would never be guilty.

EVEN the seriousness of the hard times for the unemployed has been lightened by their humor in a certain city. They have formed a "union," asserting that they will live on charity before they will work for a dollar a day. Their faith in assuming that charity will support them in idleness is only equal to their worthlessness in being willing to be thus supported. It is very fortunate for a constantly increasing class of the population, if it loves life, that the old Jewish law, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," is not in force nowadays. Such a ridiculous union as this, if it should increase and take in other cities, would put an end to all charity except in individual cases known to the person who gives.

The law as an engine of justice is getting more effective. A Chicago justice has given a judgment of five cents and costs to the plaintiff in each of three suits against the West Chicago Railroad Company for having collected fares and failed to carry the complainants down town. Of course the injured individuals were put to some expense and much trouble to get their five-cent damages, and will probably incur further difficulty, as the corporation will appeal, but even this little triumph for the people is gratifying. If a hungry child stole a five-cent loaf of bread the State would bear the cost of prosecuting it, and the penalty might be more than restitution of the stolen goods. But it is very different when a rich corporation is the thief.

of insured property makes a sale for it. Losses by fire are heavy drains on the resources of the country. Had earthquakes or cyclones caused near the loss that fire has done they would be generally recognized as reasons for business depression and adversity. There is a general tendency of insurance companies to raise their rates. This may be unavoidable, but it gives reason for farmers, whose risks are always less than those of city property, to insure only in the local and State insurance companies which the Grange provides, and in which only farm risks are taken.

The lot of a State Constable whose duty is to enforce the dispensary liquor law in South Carolina is by no means a happy one, says the Springfield Republican. He is the most unpopular man in the State, is hooted at by crowds and called a spy by the newspapers, and is liable to be arrested on all sorts of charges if he attempts to make a seizure. In Charleston one of these constables got into trouble by disobeying the mandate of the United States court, and was sent to jail for contempt, and another has been arrested for assault on a woman whose house he searched for contraband liquors, and he was heavily fined therefor by the police court. Governor Tillman is determined to enforce the law there, a goodly number of the people seem equally determined that he shall not, and a very pretty row is the consequence.

It was an unjust denunciation which Editor Stead, of London, made against the cultivated women of Chicago as more respectable than the denizens of the slums. It is not true, and no attempt to arouse people by false accusations is justifiable. It looks as if the habit of denouncing fashionable society has grown chronic with Mr. Stead, and that in this case he was more anxious to make a sensation than for anything else. What he said against Chicago women was merely a railing accusation without attempt at proof. Mr. Stead should read how, when there was a contention with Satan about the body of Moses, the archangel Michael "durst not bring a railing accusation" even against Satan, but contented himself with saying "The Lord rebuke thee." The chronic reformers are to be added to the list of those who rush in where angels dare not tread.

SOME surprise has been expressed that the sympathies of the people of the United States should be enlisted on the side of President Peixoto in the struggle in Brazil. He is represented to be overbearing, unjust and tyrannical; his enemies picture him as a despot somewhat after the style of Gen. Rosas, who kept the Argentine Republic under a reign of terror so many years. This may be true in part and yet it is natural that this country should wish him success in the present struggle. Peixoto may be inclined to be despotic, but he represents republicanism. Admiral da Gama, on the other hand, is a professed advocate of the restoration in Brazil of the monarchy. That is what he is fighting for. He is not trying to defend the liberties of the people but to set up a throne for an exiled prince. He has, perhaps, a claim upon British sympathy, but he can expect nothing of that sort from the United States. Neither monarchs nor their adherents have any friends here.

UNDER the supervision of government officials a test was made recently of the armor made by the Bethlehem Iron Company. The plate tested was eighteen feet long, six feet wide, and eleven inches thick. The test was made by a ten-inch gun, carrying a 500-pound projectile. The first shot penetrated the plate twelve and one-half inches, making the point of the projectile pass an inch and a half through the armor. The projectile was broken in two and the hole it made was smooth and free from cracks or ragged edges, which demonstrates the efficiency of the plate. One hundred and thirty-two pounds of powder was used in the first test. In the second 172 pounds was used, and the plate was penetrated to a depth of fifteen and three-eighths inches. While in both instances the plate was deeply penetrated the backing of the plate was not disturbed. The maximum in each requirement in a government test is necessary for success. The severest conditions are imposed, conditions which never could exist in the practical use of an armor plate. Therefore the results of this work were reported as satisfactory, and the plate, amounting to 400 tons, will be accepted by the government.

Six Meals a Day. Queen Victoria has evidently pondered well on the saying that man must eat to live. At Balmoral, where she lives in the simplest possible way, she begins her day at 8 o'clock with tea, chocolate or coffee and dry toast. At 9:30 she has breakfast, small trout freshly caught from the River Dees being an invariable dish. At 12:30, after her morning outing she has a little refreshment—an egg beaten up in milk, some soup, and a little fruit. She lunches at 2. Later in the afternoon there is the invariable afternoon tea, and between 8 and 9 dinner is served. Thus on six meals a day does her Majesty manage to sustain nature.

Unfair to Her Papa. No child likes to see her own father slighted, hence this story. "Well, Molly," said her father, who is a middle-aged "did you ever see me marching up Broadway to-day?" "Veth," said Molly, "and I was real mad, papa. They might have let you have a drum to play on, same as those others had."

STYLES IN COIFFURE.

THE HAIR IS NOW PARTED AND COMBED BACK.

Manner of Dressing for Those Who Have Never Cut the Bangs and Whose Locks Are All of Equal Length About the Forehead Line.

Gotham Gossip.

New York correspondence.

APPLY is the woman who, now that everyone is dividing the hair at the middle of the head, can show the ideal part. This is a tiny straight and very white line, from either side of which the glossy hair rises slightly. This effect is natural to a clean, healthy scalp and thick, glossy wealth of hair, and can be attained by exercising much care and delicacy in making. It is not, however, seen as often as it should be. The wide scraggy part, from the middle and along the edge of which very short and bristly hairs stand up, as well as a cloudy lot of downy short ones, spoiling the even effect and the whiteness of the line, is the usual apology for a part. The long hairs are dragged away from the part, the color of the scalp is shown in lines to muginess and the hair shows no gloss in either side. All this is wrong, but worst of all there is usually a trace of whitish dust and dandruff at the edges of the part and on the hair where it is brushed from the separating line. All these defects can be avoided by anointing the head with vaseline, washing the hair till the grease is all out and it lathers freely. When rinsed, dry and make the parting carefully, when the hair should be brushed till dry. This will leave the hair with a handsome gloss and the part of scalp which shows a pink will soon become a clear white.

Despite this general rule of center parting, there are still some girls who have never cut the bangs, whose locks are all of an equal length about the forehead line. Such hair dressed with top. The kind of hair for which this dressing is suggested is vigorous in growth and invariably shows new hair about the roots. This delicate, shadowy growth about the line of the forehead, softened effect about the face, and the delicate beauty and fine shaping of the head are displayed to every advantage.

If you must dye your hair—and don't—then do it yourself. Get the very best peroxide of hydrogen and don't use hair dye. Wash the hair thoroughly, get all the tangles out, then dampen it again evenly from roots to ends. Comb the peroxide through the hair with a comb dipped in it till the hair is dripping wet. Then dry it with heat or sunshine, doing no rubbing. Let it not only get dry, but let it stay so for two hours before you judge whether you want another coat or not. A further wise precaution is to cut off a lock before you dye and then compare it with the dyed result. By no other way will you realize just how much of a change you are making. The peroxide will not hurt the hair, indeed, if the locks were clean when it went on, it will make it beautifully silky and glossy. Keep it from the scalp as much as possible, for you may notice that where it gets on the forehead it makes little pale white marks, but what does get on the scalp seems only to stimulate the growth of the hair. The difficulty is that the roots come out so fast, and when you try to touch them up to match the color of the dye all over again, the extra coat makes the hair yellow and yellow, till you become hopelessly an orange-toned. Dull blonde hair or dull light-brown hair takes the dye with best effect, and with so much impregnation that the trick seems almost as legitimate as for a woman to powder her nose.

There is a popular notion that only the classic-featured girl should do her hair with a Greek fillet effect. But the girl with a pretty, piquant face, and away from classic, may, her head is a good shape and her hair

pretty, make herself a delicious challenge to administer to direct use of the fillet. Select a color that contrasts well with the shade of the hair, white for a light color, or silver or gold for dark hair. Let the little locks about the face be conventionally soft and fuzzy, in order you possess, as does the hair, this final sketchy and irregular features. Don't draw the bands too tight and fasten them securely under the coil of hair. Three bands is the most generally becoming. If the face is wide, let the bands be a little wider, and if the face is narrow, a widened effect is not given from the front; that is, arrange the bands as they only show at the side. Then present your profile to people as much as possible. Don't mind the least bit if you are not Greek, the girl who has a Greek nose like Henry's you will find that piquancy is always added to an irregular face by lifting the chin a little and so tipping the face prettily.

Singeing is better for the ends of the hair than cutting, because the former leaves the ends uneven and so less incalculable in doing up. To singe safely use a long taper. Take only a small lock at a time, run the comb close above the ends, set fire to the ends and then comb down over them. This puts out the flame at once. Comb thoroughly after the singeing is over, to get rid of all the burned hair. If you have bleached, you may avoid the fearful period of streakiness that comes when you try to let your hair "go back," by having the long-suffering locks dyed a dark shade of ovi bleach and all. During the "getting back" the streaks will be less conspicuous.

What Ammonia Will Do. Grease spots may be taken out with weak ammonia in water; lay soft white paper over and iron with a hot iron. When acid of any kind gets on clothing, spirits of ammonia will kill it. Apply chloroform to restore the color. Keep nickel and silver ornaments and mounts bright by rubbing with woolen cloth saturated in spirits of ammonia. A few drops of ammonia in a cupful of warm water, applied carefully, will remove spots from paintings and photographs. Ammonia applied two or three times on a fresh cold sore will kill it. It will drive it away if used when the cold sore is first felt. A tablespoonful of ammonia in a glass of warm water will often restore color in carpets if the stain is not too old. It will also remove whitewash from them.

EVERYBODY has eight eyes for his neighbor's business.

ness of the heavy locks. If two or three short locks into half curls on the forehead and temples, but do not suggest a bang. The heavy locks from below the temple should pass over the top of the ear into the coil, and the coil should set low at the back of the head but not on the back. The neck should show a style of face that would be downright commonplace or ugly with less unique hair-dressing than the one described and shown, but which is thus made really beautiful in a dreamy Southern fashion.

Several times in the Ann Arbor jail formed a notable crowd, but getting short of amusements they petitioned a local newspaper as follows: "Convent de St. Brenner—Dear Sir—We, the undersigned philosophers, discouraged at the decrepitude of the times, have sought temporary relief in the above hospital. We humbly petition that in consideration of our existing isolation from the turmoil of worldly events that you will transmit to us such exchanges as you will be able to spare from your burdened table. By so doing you will confer an everlasting favor upon Socrates, Philomachus and five other philosophers of Greece."

Stevensville's Spook. There's a ghost in Stevensville. Yes, you have heard ghost stories before, but this is a peculiar kind of a ghost. It, or she, raps on windows or knocks on doors, but always on the windows and doors in which Mrs. — lives. Mrs. — has lived in Stevensville for many years, and she is a very sensible woman's shoe on the soft earth. She thinks she can explain matters. One day she accused a Mrs. X. of trying to flirt with her husband. Mrs. X. said she flirted with whosoever she pleased. Now it is claimed, in her injured dignity, she spiritualizes herself at night and tries to distress her enemy by ghostly knocks and rappings.

Bold Break for Freedom. Sheriff Kuhlman, of Preston, Idaho, county, stated for the State House of Correction with a convict named Fred Richardson in his custody. Fred asked to go to the toilet room, and took advantage of the opportunity to jump from the train. He landed in the street, and the sheriff, who followed immediately, brought up against a barbed wire fence, and hung there. Richardson walked to Fosteria, stopped at a hotel, stole \$25 during the night, but was run down and arrested. There Kuhlman found him the next day.

Mr. Fish Tells a Rat Story. The Hon. Ananias Fish, of Farmington, tells the following story: One day while walking through a wood he came to a round stick some eight feet long, and about five inches in diameter, which was hollow about half its length and the hole so small that two rats could not pass. On picking up the stick he popped a big rat. Stopping up the hole, the stick was sawed in two and from the snug hiding place he killed seven large rats and two escaped, making a total of nine found in those close quarters.

Enos Goes Up for Life. Alexander Enos, of Ewen, Ontonagon County, has been sentenced to the State prison at Marquette for life. He was the proprietor of a saloon and den, and Deputy Sheriff Davidson went there about two months ago to arrest the inmates, who had entered the place, Enos shot him dead. The murderer had a narrow escape from being strung up by a mob at that time.

Physiological Item. It has been supposed that a man who would climb through a fence and drag his loaded gun after him would, if circumstances ever allowed investigation, prove to have had no brains. But in the case of Nathaniel Aulen, a well-to-do farmer near Stanton, a large quantity of brains was found scattered about the ground.

Record of the Week. An Odd Fellows lodge was organized at Hamburg.

ROMULUS has discovered that its school house is not good enough for a village with a boom.

A YOUNG man has a 14-year-old Bible, bought in 1750 in Boston. It is well preserved.

THE schools at Morehead have been closed for two weeks on account of an epidemic of measles.

THE Supreme Court upholds the act closing barber shops on Sunday, and knocks out the "jag-cure" law.

DURAND young men amuse themselves in church by sticking chewing gum on the dresses of the ladies who sit in front of them.

A DURAND young lady got so frightened at a tough woman she met one dark night that she fell down and was dangerously injured.

It is estimated that \$500,000 worth of ice has been contracted for in Northern Michigan for shipment to the southern part of the State and Ohio and Indiana.

A FAMILY at McBain lived a stove full of wood, and the elevated oven full of kiting, and then went to sleep. The loss was covered by insurance.

LOCKWOOD RUSSELL, an old citizen of Utica, died very suddenly. He was 76 years of age and leaves a widow and six children—three sons and three daughters.

A TRAMP at Florence took lodgings in a farmer's house, built a log on the steel platform of a harvester to warm his fingers. An insurance company has just settled with the farmer for \$379, which he says is about half his loss.

The principal of the Flint High School has resigned. It is supposed to be on account of the trouble with bad boys, who kicked because one of their number was righteously thrashed. The kids actually asked the Superintendent to make a public apology—which he will do in the sweet by-and-by.

HARRY and John Widdicombe, of Grand Rapids, whose interests in the Widdicombe Mantel and Widdicombe Furniture Companies have always been identical, have decided to sever relations, owing to a lack of harmony as to policy. Harry will control the mantel company, John the furniture company.

AN Elmore housewife mixed the bluing for her washing in the kitchen dipper, and while she was in the wood shed getting the clothes she had hung out in the rain from the back and drank the preparation. A doctor was summoned in haste, but said the best thing that could be done was to starch and iron him.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

Horace Miller Killed in a Log Drive—Will Never Drag Another Gun Through a Fence—Tramps of a Literary Turn—Rats!

Frighful Death of a Lumberman.

A fatal accident occurred at R. G. Peters' log slide on the Manistee River, about seven miles north of Marquette, which resulted in the death of Horace Miller. While unloading logs, Miller was caught by a log and carried down the slide over 200 feet into the river below. The log coming down upon him crushed the right leg off at the knee. The poor fellow was in the water an hour or more before they could get to him. Then the scaler bravely stripped and swam out to him, and by Mr. Peters' efforts he was brought ashore with him. Medical aid was summoned, but Miller died in a few hours.

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HOMER is now lighted by electric lights.

The fish hatchery at Charlevoix has been completed and is now in operation.

BISHOP VERTIN will dedicate a new Catholic Church at Ontonagon on April 15.

THERE are within the boundaries of Michigan 4,000 Indians, including 2,000 school children.

ROBERT HUBLE of Keeler was driving with his daughter, when he instantly died from heart disease.

Mrs. DAVIS' residence at Whitmore Lake burned to the ground. The loss is quite heavy, but partly insured.

A MAD dog was killed on the farm of A. B. Coldren, at Northville, after it had bitten a cat, several hens and a hog.

M. GRAY, the oldest dealer in groceries in Sheridan, Monticou County, has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

A CHARLEVOIX Indian who hasn't been paying his debts writes his creditor: "Me been afraid me had send you 24 dollar now soon."

CHARLES GERMAIN of Muskegon has brought suit against the city for \$5,000 damages for injuries received by means of a defective sidewalk.

THE dog poisoner is at work at Howell, but it is the same there as everywhere else. The valuable dog got the meat that is put out for the worthless curs.

KATIE BUCHANAN and May Hutton were run over by an iceboat at Alpena. Both young ladies were badly hurt, and Miss Hutton may be a cripple for life.

AT Linden, near Flint, a platform collapsed and twenty-five or thirty persons were thrown down. The crowd was listening to a burglary trial.

NEAL MCKENZIE, a farmer at Yala, who went up to Gladwin County to work in the lumber woods this winter, was killed by a falling tree five miles from Gladwin.

ALPENA Macabees want to put up a hall of their own, and will try to sell 1,000 shares of stock therein at \$10 each, which would secure the required amount.

FARMERS in Northville and vicinity are grinding their wheat and feeding it quite extensively to their hogs, claiming to realize a good price from it in that way.

FOUR of Prince Michael's flock are going to the people of Idaho, Idaho Creek, and the Moon speaks of them as "two long-haired men and two short-haired women."

A CONTRACT for grading and equipping an electric street railway from St. Joseph to Stevensville has been let, and it is expected that cars will be running down the lake shore in a few days.

TWO CONSUMPTIVE men are tanning the hides of Galloway steers for robes. They are said to be finer and handsomer than the best quality of buffalo robes, and the best of them can be sold for \$10.

THE Fenton Fruit Shippers' Association has been so successful in securing a reduction of freight rates that the growers in the immediate vicinity will save \$20,000 in transportation on the coming fruit crop.

A ST. CLAIR firm will put in a 100-barrel roller-process flouring-mill at Richmond if the owners of the place will furnish a site and erect a building, and if they will give business sufficient to secure a site and building.

MISS HATTIE BUCHANAN of Alpena was seriously and perhaps fatally injured by being run into by an ice boat which was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The man who was steering the ice boat tried to turn out in time, but just at the critical moment the tiller broke and he was thrown out of the boat, leaving it to run itself.

FIVE generations were present at a gathering that celebrated the 85th birthday of Justin Hallett in Cooper Township, Kalamazoo County. He and his wife recently celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of their marriage.

THE six children of twenty-three grandchildren, ten great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

MICHAEL FOREN, an eccentric resident of Brownstown, died in his filthy cabin all alone. He had lived there for many years. He about \$210 feet of space, starving himself to death, and he would allow no one to come anywhere near him. His bed was a pallet of dirty straw, which he had not changed in years, and an iron kettle served for both cooking and washing.

A CERTAIN class of tax-title sharks, who have been waxing fat under a recent law in the State, have apparently permitted the purchase of a tax title for the years 1887 and 1888 to receive a deed of the property from the Auditor General, received a severe setback from the Supreme Court.

THOUSANDS of dollars have been invested by speculators. Valuable properties have been sold for the taxes and there has been no end of speculation. Of course, the delinquent taxes will have to be paid, but the tax-title speculators are prohibited from extracting the taxes and then selling the investments, and owners of property who have allowed taxes to lapse may redeem their belongings from the clutches of tax-title sharks.

A RECENT Lansing dispatch says: It has developed here that the members of the Board of State Canvassers, who are the Board of Auditors, are not the only State officials who have been collecting heavy fees for services performed. The Auditor General, Stanley W. Turner, seems to be in it, too. His expense account since he went into office, a little over a year ago, has averaged over \$100 per month.

THE State of Michigan has been scarcely more than \$250 for his entire term of two years. He paid plenty of money for carriages, hotel expenses, parlors and sleeping cars, and most of all did not itemize his bills, according to custom.

THE matter will, no doubt, be investigated by the Governor.

AT East Jordan, fire started in the Odd Fellows' Hall, where the Ladies Macabees had been holding a meeting. The losers are as follows: Ieama's two stores with contents, completely destroyed, \$10,000; buildings owned by East Jordan Lumber Co., \$2,000; Odd Fellows' Hall, \$1,000; loss everything. The thermometer was 18 below zero at the time of the fire. No one has any insurance. It was the worst fire East Jordan ever had, and the town was saved with difficulty.

W. H. Healey, hardware merchant, was dangerously injured.

JOHN A. SNIDER, of Homer, celebrated his 91st birthday by going to a photographer and making the central figure in a picture, the others in the group being his son, grandson, and great-grandchildren.

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W. H. Healey, hardware merchant, was dangerously injured.

JOHN A. SNIDER, of Homer, celebrated his 91st birthday by going to a photographer and making the central figure in a picture, the others in the group being his son, grandson, and great-grandchildren.

THE San Francisco Examiner says: Rev. Thornton Carter, of Michigan, at the head of a peculiar sect. One tenet proscribes that adherents shall be flogged and starved as a test of grace. The reverend gentleman found fault with the clothing of his members, and the town was saved with difficulty.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

Reflections on an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lesson Intelligently and Profitably.

Jacob at Bethel.

The lesson for Sunday, March 11, may be found in Gen. 28:10-22.

INTRODUCTION. "And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba." Going away from home, leaving mother behind, striking out for one's self and by one's self. Surely here is a crisis in life. How many are passing through it!

He goes down to sleep and now, dreams, dreams and angels. Dr. Rolinson says that the scene under the evening sky, as his eyes closed, the hills rising one upon another, not unlikely suggested to him the sweet vision that came. But the angels, God sent them, angels supernaturally. And the supernatural visitants come often by the natural channel or avenue. Be alert for God's messengers and messages. Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. God's way—God's angels.

The ladder touched earth and heaven. Yonder God, here man, angel ministers between. Earth and heaven are not far apart; God and man hold intercourse. Was Jacob thinking of this? How like the Voice that spoke in Galilee, "Lo, I am with you always." Then Jacob awoke; what were his thoughts? He must have said to himself: "This is surely a larger world than I thought it to be; this life of mine is a more interesting thing in the sight of God than I had imagined it to be. It is not I alone who am caring for it, I with my poor, lame, faulty supplants; angels are interested in earth's doings, my conduct is watched of heaven; prayer is an open way heavenward; if I feel rest weary, I may rest upon the shining stairway, help is near, and down the ladder from the skies come troops and angels and blessings past telling." That was a gracious vision.

And now note the result. "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I have not known it." "This is none other but the house of God, and this is

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRATING, MICHIGAN.

SANK THE ALABAMA.

CAREER OF THE FAMOUS OLD KEARSARGE.

Thrilling Story of the Duel Between the Historic Old War-Ship and the Confederate Terror of the Seas Off Cherbourg, France, in 1864.

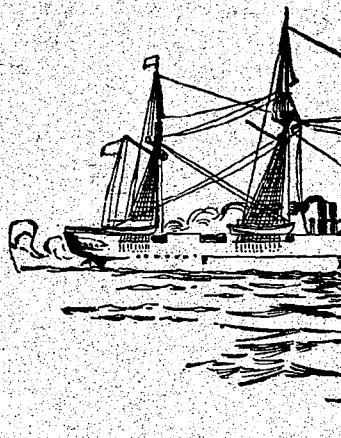
Fight to a Finish.

The wreck of the corvette Kearsarge on a reef in the Caribbean Sea was a sad ending for a vessel which made her name immortal in the history of the American navy. The action that has endeared her to the hearts of the American people was the sinking of the Confederate cruiser Alabama off Cherbourg, France, Jan. 19, 1864. For almost two years



CAPT. WINSLOW, OF THE KEARSARGE.

The Alabama had been preying upon American commerce. She was a terror of the seas. Her first field of action was about the Azores. From there she attacked the South American trade. Thence she made her



UNITED STATES VESSEL KEARSARGE.

way to China Sea, carrying destruction with her until she had cleared the sea of vessels carrying the United States flag. Her name had become one to conjure with. The Federal Government said she must be destroyed. The mission was given to the Kearsarge, and the Alabama was found in the harbor at Cherbourg. Preparations were at once made for battle, and as soon as the Alabama sailed out of the neutral zone hostilities began.

Both vessels were nearly equally matched. The Kearsarge had a crew of 163; the Alabama's crew numbered 144. The battery of the Kearsarge consisted of 7 guns, two 11-inch pivots, smooth bore; one 30-pounder rifle and four light 32-pouncers. The Alabama carried 8 guns, one 68-



CAPT. SEMMES, OF THE ALABAMA.

pounder, pivot smooth bore; one 100-pounder pivot rifle and six 30-pounders. The tonnage of the Alabama was 1,040 and that of the Kearsarge 1,031. The Alabama's commander was Capt. Raphael Semmes and the Kearsarge's Capt. John A. Winslow, both of whom had seen about equal service in the Mexican war.

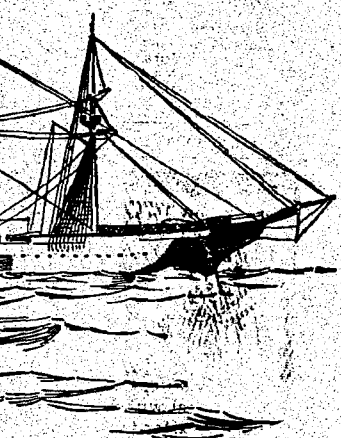
The engagement between these vessels took place on Sunday, June 19, off Cherbourg. The Kearsarge steamed out to sea, a distance of seven miles, so as to be beyond neutral waters, and was followed by the Alabama. The Kearsarge wheeled and the two vessels approached each other. The first roar of cannon which told of the beginning of the battle came when the two vessels were a mile apart. It was the Alabama that fired. Again and still again the Alabama opened her broadside on the Kearsarge, but hardly had the third discharge left the guns when the Kearsarge for the first time opened fire. She had reached the range at which she proposed to fight. The two ships circled around each other at a distance of 600 yards, pouring shot and shell into each other's side with merciless energy. With the desperation of threatened death and the enthusiasm of promised victory, the men on both ships fought. A 68-pounder shell of the Alabama passed through the bulwarks of the Kearsarge and exploded on the quarter deck, wounding three men. The guns of the Kearsarge were doing dreadful damage on the Alabama. Three 11-inch shells did horrible execution. The decks were strewn with dead and dying. The starboard battery of the Alabama was almost disabled and the vessel careened heavily from the effects of shot holes on her water line. Capt. Semmes, seeing that his vessel was holed, headed her for neutral waters,

but the Kearsarge pursued, pouring shot and shell into the Alabama. Then the Confederate commander struck his colors and sent a boat alongside the Kearsarge, announcing his surrender. The Alabama was sinking and could not float over ten minutes. Capt. Winslow signalled the English yacht, Deerhound, to go to the rescue of the Alabama's crew. The Deerhound complied, but after picking up thirty-nine persons, including Capt. Semmes, she steamed away with them. Two French pilot boats picked up some more of the Alabama's crew and the Kearsarge rescued many.

In this battle nine of the Alabama's crew were killed and twenty-one were drowned. Three of the Kearsarge's crew were seriously wounded, and of these one afterward died.

The celebrated Alabama claims case followed, and England, during the administration of President Grant, in September, 1872, was compelled to pay the United States \$15,000,000 on account of damages inflicted by the Alabama, because she had been fitted out in an English shipyard. This was the only serious engagement the Kearsarge had, but since then she has been in almost continuous service. The reef upon which the Kearsarge was wrecked is named Roncador, and is a small guano islet, without regulations of any kind. Here in 1891 the Aguan, carrying the Warner Miller party to the Nicaragua canal, was wrecked, and the party remained six days on the island before they were rescued.

A Marshal's Portrait. Maurice Patrick McMahon was not sent to school young, but had private tuition at home. He was then placed at a seminary, taught by priests at Autun, from which he was removed to a coaching establishment for the military school of St. Cyr, at Versailles. His two elder brothers were already officers in Hussar regiments. All the family were fond of horses and were daring riders. Charles, the eldest, broke his neck in 1845 while competing for a steeple-



THE COMMON WALKING STICK.

chase prize for gentlemen riders at Autun. They were all fanciers of English thoroughbreds. The Marshal was never without a few in his stables. He owed his life on many occasions, when acting as an aid-de-camp, to the fleetness and cleverness of an English or an Irish horse. At the exhibition of equestrian art, which was held eight years ago at the Rue de Seze, a family portrait was shown of Charles, Joseph, and Maurice Patrick de McMahon (the future Marshal), in their uniforms, cantering in a glade. It was spirited, painting, and gave the impression of the elation and freshness of youth.

Another sketchy picture, by Horace Vernet, represented the McMahon family at a hunting meet in front of the chateau of Sully, a kind of Burgundian Warwick Castle, with their friends, who had come to hunt in the woods round them. The material conditions and the company are aristocratic. Still, there is a sweet, genial, friendly air, common to all the McMahons, which excludes the idea of "the cold shade of aristocracy." The servants seem as well off as the horses. Maurice Patrick (the Marshal), a gentlemanly, elegantly built young fellow, of a fair, beaming, and ruddy countenance, pats the neck of his thoroughbred. The horse, pleased and proud at this mark of affection, paws the ground with his forefoot.—The Contemporary Review.

Coal Gas and the Vanishing Forest. The scientists are devoting much attention to the widespread theory that the earth's atmosphere is becoming seriously affected by the enormous quantity of coal that is converted into carbonic acid gas—the natural enemy of the human being. The atmosphere with this poison gas which is being generated in a thousand smoky cities and through other sources all over the world, comes the steady cutting down of forests, the leaves of which are the natural absorbers of poisonous gas.

General Wistar, who is said to be the highest authority in the matter, is so deeply interested in the subject that he is making great efforts to call the attention of the scientific world to it, and he believes that the growing bronchial troubles and epidemics like the grip, all over the world, have an ultimate connection with it.

How much the present enormous generation of carbonic acid gas can affect the whole body of the atmosphere science will ascertain just as soon as it applies itself to the problem in nature. At all events the great efforts now being made to preserve the forests are worthy of every encouragement. The planting of trees in cities, the development of extensive and well-wooded park systems, the planting of large groves of timber in the vicinity of towns and cities, are all calculated to assist in the absorption of the superabundance of carbonic acid gas with which, according to the scientists, our atmosphere is becoming dangerously overcharged.

Exhaustion of the British Fisheries. Scientific investigation shows that the seas around the British coast are being exhausted of fish. The subject is receiving very grave consideration, and in all probability there will have to be very elaborate means established of restocking the English waters.

STRANGE CREATURES.

INSECTS THAT RESEMBLE TWIGS AND LEAVES.

Queer Animals That Abound in the Tropics and Which Are Occasionally Met With in Temperate Climates—Imitative in Color and Form.

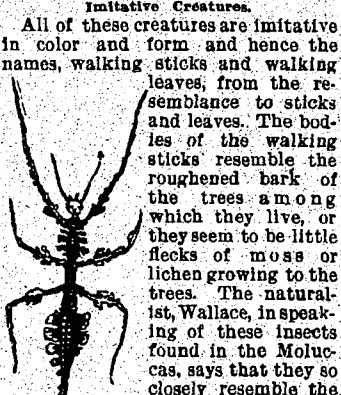
Like Growing Plants. There is perhaps no large group of insects all the members of which present such extraordinary forms as the so-called walking sticks. These creatures abound in the tropics. Among the most remarkable of these



THE COMMON WALKING STICK.

Insects are the walking leaves. Of one of these we print an illustration. As may be seen from the figure the resemblance to a leaf is very striking, and the foliate expansion of the legs add greatly to the deceptive appearance of such a creature in its native haunts. This form of walking leaf is rare, only about 20 species being known. Of the walking sticks proper there is an almost infinite variety. One species, the diapheromera femorata, is common in the United States. States, where the insects are called "witches' horses" in the north and various other names in different States of the South and West. One peculiar kind of insect is the phyllium of Mexico. The length of this creature is eleven inches, while the body is no thicker than a crochet needle. Another attenuated kind of walking stick is the phyllocnistis of Brazil. Perhaps the creosus of Nicaragua head the list for beauty and peculiarity of form. The insects of this species seem like so many growing plants.

Imitative Creatures. All of these creatures are imitative in color and form and hence the names, walking sticks and walking leaves, from the resemblance to sticks and leaves. The bodies of the walking sticks resemble the rough bark of the trees among which they live, or they seem to be little flecks of moss or lichen growing to the trees. The naturalist Wallace, in speaking of these insects found in the Moluccas, says that they so closely resemble the dead twigs of trees as to be absolutely indistinguishable from them by the eye alone and he had to use the sense of touch to learn the distinction. Of a specimen of walking stick exhibited in Edinburgh a naturalist says: "For the greatest period of its life it so exactly resembled the leaf on which it fed that when visitors were shown it they usually, after looking carefully over the plant for a minute or two, declared that they could see no insect. It had then to be more minutely pointed out to them; and although seeing is notoriously said to be believing, it looked so absolutely like the leaves among which it rested that this rarely satisfied them, and nothing would convince them that there was a real live insect there but the test of touch. It had to be stirred up to make it move."



CRABO.

The end gained by this close resemblance to its surroundings is to protect the insect against attack. Some walking sticks, however, have their bodies covered with spines, while others exude a spray so offensive as to repel any predatory, insectivorous creature.

A Chinese Strong Man. A Hankow correspondent gives an account of the discovery of a young Samson at the militia examinations. There were about 900 candidates, of whom sixty-three obtained the degree of promoted men. They are tried in archery, lifting, sword and spear exercise, etc., also in writing. The senior stranger was a young man, only twenty-two years of age, from Kinshan. His particular success was in lifting, and his strength is estimated at 800 catties (the catty is about one and one-half pounds), though really they say it is only 600 catties. This is tested by lifting a square stone of 300 catties weight as high as the breast. This man not only lifted it to that height, but gave it a little toss up and caught it as it came down.

The governor was astonished and asked him to repeat the feat. The young man, supposing that he was suspected of having some secret help, threw off his coat, exposing his bare body, and repeated the feat to the entire satisfaction of the judges. Though in archery and other practices his skill was not conspicuous, he was awarded the first place on the list of successful candidates, and the governor did him the honor of asking who had been his teacher and trainer.

He replied that it was his father, who was himself a military officer and had served at Ningpo and elsewhere.—San Francisco Chronicle.

SAVED HIS REPUTATION. He began to study the Dictionary at Once, However. A man with stooped shoulders and a general air of lassitude strolled into the editorial rooms the other afternoon. He found a pale-faced young man busily engaged in cleaning a briar pipe. "Good-day," said the stooped-shouldered man. "Howdy," said the other. The stooped-shouldered man coughed a couple of times and then said, nervously: "I just came in to say that I've been a subscriber to this paper for a good many years and this morning I noticed that you used the word 'apothecary.'"

"Well," said the pale-faced young man, "what of it? That's a good word, isn't it?"

"Oh, certainly," replied the visitor. "It's a good word, a very good word. But, you see, I was brought up in poverty, and I didn't have a chance to get an education. There are a lot of things I don't know. I just happened to be going by and I thought I would drop in and ask you what that word meant?"

The pale-faced young man ceased operations on his pipe and looked at the visitor in undisguised amazement. "Is it possible," he finally said, "that there is a man or woman who does not know the meaning of that word?"

"I can't believe, sir, that you are speaking earnestly to me. You must be joking." The stooped-shouldered man blushed painfully. "Of course," he stammered, "I think I know what it means, but, you know, I didn't have much of a chance to go to school. Come to think of it, though, I am perfectly sure I know what it means."

"Well," and the pale-faced young man's air was very patronizing. "I thought you knew better than to ask such a question. Good day, sir." The stooped-shouldered man turned and went out into the hall. As the door closed the pale-faced young man dropped his pipe and shouted: "Jimmy! Oh, Jimmy!"

A small boy put in his appearance. "Jimmy," said the pale-faced young man, "get me the dictionary and get it handed quick. Some other chap may be up here in a minute."

Buffalo Express.

Sudden Fame. About forty years ago, when Dr. Bence Jones was a leader and a great authority among the scientific organizations of England, he received a letter from Germany, saying:

"You English are the oddest people. Here, to our laboratories, comes every year a young Irish schoolmaster called Tyndall, with the quickest brain, the most honest capacity for research I have ever seen. Would that our German youths were run from the same mold!"

"This brilliant young fellow has never received the smallest recognition from English men or institutions, and he tells me to-day that, quite disheartened at last, he is preparing to emigrate to America."

Tyndall went through London, not long afterward, to make preparations for visiting America, and Doctor Jones took care to meet him. He fell at once under the spell of his wonderful talents, and determined to bring him to public notice.

"I won't take any middle course," he said. "I think you can leap to the top at once. I shall announce that you will lecture at the Royal Institution."

The announcement was made, and all London trooped to hear "Bence Jones' wild Irishman." As the great physician drove his protégé down to the hall, he suddenly exclaimed: "But, Tyndall, where are your notes?"

"Notes?" was the reply. "I haven't any notes." "No notes!" rejoined the other, almost in agony. "Do you realize that you are not going to address a parcel of Irish gossamers, but an audience of famous experts on your own subject?" Tyndall smiled. "Well," said he, "I'm afraid it's too late now."

The hall was crowded. All the leaders of science were present. Tyndall, who had never lectured before, stepped into the famous tribune, smiled, bowed, and poured forth the results of his marvelous experiments without faltering or pausing. He closed his address in the midst of wild applause; he had become in a single night a famous lecturer.—Youth's Companion.

Power of Electric Search Lights. Probably not one person among a hundred has even an approximate conception of the illuminating power of one of the great modern electric search lights, and it is only vaguely understood that it must be something enormous. As a matter of fact, with the projecting reflectors in use, which serve as multiplying factors for the actual candle-power of the electric arc, the illuminating capacity of the beams issuing from one of the large modern search lights has been placed at the equivalent of something over 200,000,000 candles. Just what this means is not easily realized, though a popular measure of the lighting power is afforded by the statement that, under favorable atmospheric conditions, one of these large lights can be seen nearly 100 miles away, and will illuminate objects at a distance of almost twenty miles with sufficient clearness to make their examination possible with the aid of a field glass.—Cassell's Magazine.

Lo, Are There Not Others Like Her? Mrs. G. G. G. "These are delightful oranges. Best I ever tasted. Where did you get them?" Mrs. F. "At a social our Society for Intellectual Advancement and Ethical Culture gave last night for the benefit of the poor. We had a splendid supper. Two dollars a plate. Everything was donated by business men, you know. It was real mean, the way some of the ladies acted. They carried away every bit of the fruit cake before I could get a chance at it, but I was bound to have my share of something, I tell you. I got a nice sack of grapes and a basket of these oranges and a package of fish maccaroni. I hate to see people act like pigs. Don't you? Have another orange?"

'T WAS A RIDE FOR LIFE.

A Western Man's Tale of a Buffalo Hunt.

It happened in the winter of 1860-70, began the old hunter and plainsman, when the subject of buffaloes was brought up. It was a bad winter in my country and the mercury was well down on the short-cut to China. The buffaloes had taken refuge in mighty herds in the country around the Porcupine River, which is one of tributaries of the Yellowstone. One day the word reached our camp that a herd was grazing about two miles distant, and our men got together for a hunt. I knew the country round about like a book, and instead of going with the rest of the boys, I took a short-cut across a boggy back and into the next valley where the buffaloes were said to be. I rode on some distance, but did not see the herd. Suddenly I heard shots. A regular chorus of bangs rang out. I turned my horse's head in the direction of the shooting and made up my mind to ride back and join the crowd. But my plans wouldn't work. They had fired into the bunch from the other side and had stampeded it. The maddened animals, and there were fully one thousand of them, were tearing over the snow, jumping ravines and dashing toward me at a terrific pace. Behind the herd the cracks of the guns rattled.

The valley was narrow and the sides steep. I did not have time to get out. There was only one thing to do—fly and keep ahead of the herd until I found an opening in the hills. It was a desperate ride. The snow here and there had been made soft by the sun and it was very treacherous under a horse's hoof. Suddenly, when the leaders of the herd were but 200 yards behind, my pony stumbled and turned a somersault and I was thrown a considerable distance into a snowdrift. My rifle was strapped upon the saddle and I had no time to go back and get it, for the herd was upon us. I fired my pistol at the leaders and they slackened their speed a little. But one old bull looked at me a minute and then made a dash. When he ducked to impale me on his horns I dodged and caught his shaggy wool and was soon astride his back. This made him mad and he tried his best to unseat me, but I held on. The pressure of the herd behind him compelled him to run for his life.

I knew my only hope was to stick to that uncomfortable seat until I had ridden the beast to death. By and by the pressure behind began to slacken and my bull wanted to rest, but I spurred him on. It was 3 o'clock when I mounted him. About 2 o'clock the next morning he began to wobble. He lurched a few times and then stumbled to his knees. He rolled over and before I had time to say myself my left leg was under him. At last I got it free and managed to cut his throat. I then took my bearings and found I was a hundred miles from camp. I made my self comfortable and feasted on buffalo steak. Before long the boys came up to where I was sitting. They had found the carcass of my horse and had kept on in the hope of finding that of myself. The herd must have turned off through some break in the hills, for my bull was the only one left in sight.

Mice Used as Thread Spinners. A Scotchman, who is evidently as patient as he is ingenious, has trained two little mice to spin thread with an apparatus of which he is the inventor. The mechanical principle of the contrivance is a small mill, which is operated by the paws of the mice. They can each wind on and off per day from 100 to 120 pieces of thread, and to do this they must supply a motor power by which a course of ten and one-half miles could be traversed. Although the two mice are quite small they perform this task every day without apparent fatigue.

A cent's worth of flour furnishes them food enough for five weeks. During that time the little animals have spun in the neighborhood of 3,850 threads, each about one and one-half yards long. At this rate each mouse earns not quite a cent per day, or the minimum sum of about \$2 per year. The ingenious inventor proposes to build a house 90 feet long, 45 feet wide and 48 feet high, which he expects to equip on a large scale with thread mills operated by mice. He says he can put in about 10,000 mills.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Britain's Output of Books for 1893. It appears that the total number of books published in 1893, was 6,382. This, however, is 150 below the number of the previous year. If we distinguish between new books and new editions, the number of new books, 5,129 as compared with 4,915 in 1892. The new works of fiction have fallen from 1,447 to 935; but this is probably due to some differences in classification, and many works probably classified before as fiction now go to swell the list of "juvenile works and tales," which have made an otherwise astonishing rise from 292 to 659. In an advance sheet of "The Publishers' Circular," from which we gather these facts, this is the explanation given. In political economy there is a falling off from 151 to 71. Voyages and travels are nearly the same as the previous year, about 250, while works of history and biography are slightly fewer. There is a small increase in volumes of poetry, as also in year books and serial volumes. Medical and surgical works are not so numerous. This remark applies also to belles lettres.—London Daily Telegraph.

Made Him Sick. Colonel Dodge in a recent book tells a story about a well-bred Englishman, a visitor in this country, who was fed by his American cousins "constantly on that confectionery 'Washington pie.' One day, after he had been fed too much of the confection, he felt uncomfortable. Instead of growling and grumbling, and alluding to the blasted climate, like the proverbial Englishman of fiction, he meekly and quietly remarked: "Doubtless General Washington was a great and good man, but—his pie."

When a public official comes to feel that he is a big gun it is time for him to be fired.—Texas Siftings.

WOMEN WORKERS IN PARIS.

Hardy Old Peasants Who Manage to Look Picturesque While Sweeping Streets.

It is not altogether certain that the women who sweep streets and shell oysters on Paris streets would feel unduly elated if they were to be congratulated as "pioneers in an unusual field of woman's work." More



THE OYSTER SELLER.

than likely they would go on about their several occupations without paying any more attention to the remark than proverbial French politeness would demand from them as representatives of the "polished nation."

But the fact that they do both kinds of work remains. Picturesque figures they are, too, with that peculiar neatness which even in old clothes the women of Paris, from Princess to peasant, know how to preserve. Artists find in them that which sets their fingers itching for a pencil and a sketching pad, and all travelers would be sorry indeed to miss them from the boulevards and markets.

Not only in these two kinds of labor, but at the fruit and flower stalls, with the milk carts, and in a score of other capacities, one sees them



THE SWEPPER.

Sometimes one catches a glimpse of a pretty young girl who looks as if she were playing a part in a comic opera instead of really working, but oftentimes wrinkled old peasants, made hardy by years of outdoor labor, satisfy one's sense of fitness.

The Steepest Railroad Grade. Much has been written about the construction of the mountain divisions of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad in Colorado and the wonderful engineering skill displayed in ascending the California mountains south of Tulare Valley through Teahachapi Pass. But after all this, the little leader of the Leadville division of the Rio Grande exceeds all other roads in its steep grades and short curves.

When the line first went into operation, many accidents occurred by the trains breaking away at the top and running back down the steep grades, wrecking locomotives and cars and destroying limbs and sometimes lives. Later, however, extremely heavy locomotives have been built and the most skillful and the bravest train hands are employed, who never flinch in the supreme moment of danger. The result has been that accidents now seldom occur.

It is said that the sight of one of these trains descending is one of thrilling interest, the sparks from the car-wheels cutting a pathway of light down the mountains which can best be described as having the appearance of a molten stream of fire rushing down to the river bed of the canyon.

Gladstone's First Speech. Mr. Labouchere has come into possession of a photograph of a sketch of Mr. Gladstone's making his first speech in the House of Commons in 1833. The sketch, which is said to have been drawn at the time, represents Mr. Gladstone, then a member from Newark, speaking from the front bench below the gangway in the old house that was burned down the next year. Mr. Gladstone's very first utterance in the House of Commons was made, not from the front bench below the gangway, but from under the gallery, where he was almost inaudible to reporters; and, curiously enough, it was in reply to Rigby Wason, then member from Ipswich, and father of Mr. Eugene Wason, who now represents South Ayrshire as one of Mr. Gladstone's staunchest supporters.

Three of Them. A little Brooklyn girl astonished her mother the other day by her proficiency in philology. "Mamma," said she, "there are three kinds of 'by's,' aren't there?" "What do you mean, my dear?" responded the mother in surprise. "Well," sweetly lisped the little one, "there's one 'by' when you go by some one on the sidewalk, and there's another when you go to the store to buy something, and then there's 'by' gosh!" The mother was not long in reaching the conclusion that her daughter needed a little careful instruction in the minor morals.—New York Tribune.

The Word "Vagabond." "Vagabond" was once only a traveler going from place to place on pleasure or business.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Snakes and Jockeys that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious, and Laughable.—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

A MAN is like a gas-jet. The more he blows the less light he gives out.—Boston Transcript.

In an autograph book: "Be consistent. Never accept advice. Not even this."—Fleegende Blaetter.

"How do you manage to live in this dead town?" "Fine; I'm the undertaker."—Atlanta Constitution.

SPRAX gently to the erring or you won't get an invitation to the killing of the fatted calf.—Elmira Gazette.

Tom—How old is your sister Mabel? Ned—Her count, do you mean, or our family Bible record?—Smyerville Journal.

GENERALLY the more aimless a boy is, the better he likes to run around with a shotgun.—Binghamton Republican.

ARTIST—"Madam, it is not faces alone that I paint; it is souls." Madam—"Oh, you do interiors then?"—New York Sun.

A NEW mixed drink is called a "business brace," but its practical tendency is more that of a business suspender.—Siftings.

SHE—Before we were married you used to call me an angel. He—And now I wish you were one. Isn't that just as well?—Truth.

ONE reason why it is often difficult to find a runaway team is that the horse usually takes the traces with him.—Lowell Courier.

GAYSON—"She answered me rather shortly when I asked her to be mine." Townsend—"Indeed! How?" Gayson—"She said 'yes.'"—Truth.

LANDLADY—"You haven't touched your coffee, Mr. Jones. Anything unusual the matter with it?" Mr. Jones—"Well, yes; it's hot."—Truth.

BUSINESS MAN—"And your nephew has had trouble in his bank, they tell me?" Aunt Sarah—"Yes, they've appointed a deceiver."—Plainsdealer.

AUNT—"Child, you certainly don't call yourself dressed with your shoulders all bare like that?" Nice—"Of course not, auntie! Gowned."—Puck.

FOGG—"Come, Figg, have a smoke." Figg—"I'll die first. Fogg—Oh, well, every man to his liking. I'll do my smoking before I die.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. RUSSELL—"Oh, Edward, you should say palm, not pam." Mr. Russell—"Well, that being the case will you please pass me the palm?"—Truth.

"MONEY talks," remarked the business man who was ruefully contemplating a lot of idle capital; "but it doesn't talk in its sleep."—Washington Star.

HARDUPPY tells me he never destroys a receipted bill. "No; he's more likely to have them framed and hung up in his parlor as curiosities."—Tid-Bits.

POSSIBLY the roped arena may represent a serious battle, but any girl capable of the kind of an engagement the real prize ring stands for.—Philadelphia Times.

JACK—"I have a confession to make, and you shall be my priest. I love you." JESS—"I forgive you freely, but—priests don't marry, you know!"—Puck.

BOY—"Pa, the minister said to-day we'd all have to be born again. Father of eight—That means another fortune for drinks and cigars, I suppose."—Puck.

"Did you know Mrs. Plentlocks has stained glass all through her new house?" "No; but what a pity! Can she get anything to take it out?"—Rochester Democrat.

"How do you know she is plain-looking? You haven't seen her." "I wrote to her in praise of her intellectuality, and she didn't get miffed."—Boston Transcript.

THERE is much mystification in London over the expedition against the Sofas, and the indications are that somebody's been lying on them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. J.—Are there any good dry goods advertisements in the paper this morning? Mr. J.—Really, I don't know. I usually read the other part.—Somerville Journal.

"How is Dykins getting along with the farm he bought?" "Pretty well. He tells me he saved money on it last year." "How?" "Rented it to another man."—Washington Star.

PAT—"That is the Metropolitan Opera House I hear so much about?" Dennis—"It must be a storage warehouse—for all them big millionaires have their boxes up there."—Truth.

"I suppose you have been shopping all day again," said Mr. Snaggs to his wife at the supper table. "And I suppose you have been bucket-shopping again," retorted she.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Mrs. RUSHER—Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel? Mabel—Yes, aunt. Mrs. Rusher—I am so glad! And what did he say? Mabel—He declared he would never marry.—Vogue.

MR. BINKS (after an absence)—And so you shot a burglar while here and unprotected. You are a brave little woman. What became of him? Mrs. BINKS—The other burglar carried him off. Mr. BINKS—Which other burglar? Mrs. BINKS—The one I aimed at.—Puck.

A Suggestion to Agriculturists. Bulgarian peasants have given up grain growing to a great extent and are raising roses. Attar of roses is now worth from \$10 to \$15 for eight teaspoonfuls. It seems that Bulgarian farmers could give points about changing their products to some agriculturists of the eastern part of the United States, who continue to produce small quantities of wheat in competition with the west, instead of paying more attention to drying and to the production of articles for which all the cities furnish a profitable market.—Rochester Herald.

EDITOR'S FATAL AIM.

BLOODY SHOOTING AFFRAY IN MISSISSIPPI.

Gladstone Resigns, Roseberry Succeeds Him—Business Prospects Are Decidedly Brighter—Lost Her Money and Life—Non-Marrying Young Men Scored.

He Shot Three Men. A shooting affray occurred Saturday between A. A. Jackson, a leading business man of the town, and the newly elected member of the Legislature, and W. P. Ratliff, editor of the Alliance and Farmers' Advocate, and a leading business man of the town. The shooting occurred in the town of Jackson, Miss., and resulted in the death of A. A. Jackson, and the wounding of W. P. Ratliff. The shooting occurred in the town of Jackson, Miss., and resulted in the death of A. A. Jackson, and the wounding of W. P. Ratliff.

WOMAN KILLED BY THAMPS.

Afrail to Trust Banks, She Kept \$3,000 in Her House.

An aged lady, Mrs. Sarah Ballner, lived by herself near St. Henry, Ohio. She was quite wealthy, and kept a large amount of money in her house. She was killed by a mob of thugs who broke into her house and stole her money. The mob consisted of several men who were armed with guns and knives. They broke into her house and found her sitting at her desk. They then proceeded to rob her and kill her.

PASSING OF A PREMIER.

Mr. Gladstone Tenders His Resignation to Queen.

William Ewart Gladstone, for years the ruler of British politics and the most unique figure in the public life of the age, has made his final exit from the stage of action. His resignation of the Premiership was tendered to the Queen yesterday, and he will now retire to the enjoyment in his remaining years of distinguished honors earned during over sixty years in the service of his country. The Queen writes formally accepting Mr. Gladstone's resignation and announcing the choice of Lord Rosebery to fill the office of Premier.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

Failures Continue to Decrease, While Mills and Factories Resume.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: With no more definite information than a week ago regarding the outcome of financial reverses, the business community people have come to the belief that the end will answer their wishes. Certainly rather more are taking limited risks in business, especially in stocks. A substantial basis is the slowly growing demand for goods, caused by gradual exhaustion of stocks held by dealers, and this has further enlarged the working force in manufactures. More works have resumed or increased hands or hours than have stopped or reduced.

Might Be a Firebug.

At last a Columbia guard has succeeded in arresting a man who is strongly suspected of setting fire to one of the World's Fair buildings. The prisoner says his name is Michael Murphy. The police believe enough evidence can be brought forward to prove that he is one of the gang of incendiaries who have been applying the torch to the buildings at Jackson Park. He was captured shortly after an unsuccessful attempt at incendiarism.

One Minister Starved Out.

Rev. Mr. Roberts, pastor of the Methodist Church at Richmond, Kas., surprised his congregation by announcing that he had preached his last sermon. He very frankly told his hearers that he took the step because he had starved himself out. In an interview Rev. Mr. Roberts complained most bitterly because there are thirty marriageable young men in Richmond from whom he has failed to receive a single fee during the past year.

Americans Lost in Mexican Wilds.

A party of Americans left Durango, Mexico, on a hunting expedition in the Sierra Madre Mountains. The locality is a wild and dangerous one, and the party was lost. The bodies were found lying close together in a ravine. They had been partly devoured by wild beasts, and whether they died from exposure or were killed by a panther could not be learned.

Sunday Rest Adopted by the Erie.

Four thousand railroad men, who have been working seven days a week for years, now get a Sunday holiday. For the first time in the history of trunk lines in this country an order has been issued by the Erie Road to hold all common freight trains in the yards from 12 o'clock Saturday night to 12 o'clock Sunday night every week in the year.

They Did Their Courting by Mail.

Earl Eugene Willard, a Chicago mailer, arrived in Fort Wayne, Ind., and the same evening was married to Miss Myrtle Shields, a handsome Fort Wayne girl, whom he had never seen until a few hours before the marriage. The couple had been corresponding some time, the result of an advertisement inserted in one of the city papers by the young man.

Montana Mines Go for a Million.

Several gold, silver, copper and iron mines near Bozeman, Mont., have just been purchased by George W. Ratliff, who represents a syndicate of New York capitalists. The price paid was \$1,000,000. The mines will be extensively developed and large concentrating works erected.

Kosuth Has Suffered a Relapse.

Louis Kosuth, the Hungarian patriot, has suffered a relapse and is again seriously ill. Dr. Bacon, his physician, despaired of his recovery, as his efforts to take regular medical treatment.

Embering Teller Sentenced.

Theodore F. Baker, former paying teller of the Consolidated National Bank, Philadelphia, who stole \$47,000, was sentenced to seven years and six months in the penitentiary and to pay the costs of the prosecution.

Killed by a Falling Tree.

A special from Glasgow, Ala., says Jesse Hickman, a farmer, cut down a tree near his home, while his two daughters were standing near. The falling tree struck both girls, killing one instantly and so injuring the other that she died next morning. The old man has become insane.

To Submit It to the People.

Mr. Davis introduced a bill in the Iowa Legislature asking a postponement of the final vote on the Wilson bill in Congress until after the next election, to give the people of the United States a chance to vote on the question. The resolution was adopted by a party vote.

NULLIFIED THE LAW.

Judge Grosscup, of Chicago, Decides the Interstate Commerce Case.

The interstate commerce law is practically a dead letter if a decision rendered by Judge Grosscup in the United States Court, at Chicago, holds good. Under that decision it becomes inoperative and of no value, for the reason that it will be impossible to convict any one of violating the law. The decision was rendered in the case of the Great Point Involved when the grand jury reported that certain railroad men refused to answer questions, and they were cited to appear and show why they were not in contempt of court. If they were not, they could not be forced to answer, and it would become impossible to enforce the provisions of the law. Judge Grosscup held that General Freight Agent James of the Lake Shore Road and George McLeod, agent of the Merchants' Freight Line, the witnesses who refused to answer questions put to them, were right in the position which they took, and that they cannot be compelled to answer questions. The decision was rendered in the case of the Great Point Involved when the grand jury reported that certain railroad men refused to answer questions, and they were cited to appear and show why they were not in contempt of court. If they were not, they could not be forced to answer, and it would become impossible to enforce the provisions of the law. Judge Grosscup held that General Freight Agent James of the Lake Shore Road and George McLeod, agent of the Merchants' Freight Line, the witnesses who refused to answer questions put to them, were right in the position which they took, and that they cannot be compelled to answer questions.

PROVING WILD BEASTS.

Lions and Coyotes Roam the Streets of Salt Lake City.

Residents of Salt Lake City are in a state of terror over the strange spectacle of lions, coyotes, and other wild animals roaming about the streets with the human community. It is a singular thing for them to come into a city of 60,000 inhabitants in search of food. People in the outlying sections of the city are almost afraid to venture out of doors, so fearful are they of meeting one of these wild beasts of prey. The utmost consternation prevails, and the city authorities are now endeavoring to rid the city of the unwelcome visitors. Unusually heavy snowstorms in the mountains have deprived the wild animals of an opportunity to secure food and they have been driven out of the mountains, ravenous with hunger, to seek it in the city. Unprotected horses and cattle in the suburbs have been seized by lions and coyotes and devoured. Hunters have obtained permission of the city council to kill lions within the city limits and two of them killed one weighing 300 pounds, and a fox in length.

LONG FIGHT IS ENDED.

Filibusters Make Their Last Stand, but the Deadlock Is Broken.

The long struggle in the House over the bill for the collection of the silver seigniorage and the silver bullion in the treasury was ended Thursday by the passage of the bill by a vote of 167 to 130, a majority in favor of the bill. The special order to bring the bill to a vote was adopted, and a bare quorum immediately after the House convened. This broke the opposition of the filibusters and they were powerless to do anything further to place an obstacle in the way of the bill. All amendments offered to the bill by its opponents were defeated, the one which polled the most votes being Mr. Outhwaite's amendment to strike out the second section.

OHIO MINES CLOSED.

Four Thousand Men Locked Out in Jackson County.

The first day of March was signaled in the Ohio coal-mining district by a general closing of the mines in Jackson County. 4,000 miners are shut out and in other localities a similar condition exists. There have been efforts on the part of operators for some time to reduce wages. A joint conference was held at Wellston, in Jackson County, the operators and previously great strikes. The miners refused to correspond with the Hocking Valley rate, which was 50 cents a ton, a reduction of 20 cents. The operators wanted the reduction to take effect immediately. The miners wanted it postponed. Upon this rock they split, and upon that the mines were ordered closed.

AN EXPENSIVE HANGING IN ENGLAND.

Z. T. White, who was convicted at New York, City, of being one of the parties in the hanging of John Morton, in 1891, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 and costs of prosecution. Judge Chapman, in passing sentence, severely scolded White. A motion for a new trial was overruled. The case will be taken to the Supreme Court, White's attorney having filed notice of appeal.

IT COST FOUR LIVES.

Moore Baker, a 30-year-old Thompson colored, entered the home of John Baker in Franklin Park, N. J., for the purpose of robbery. Upon being discovered by Mrs. Baker the robbers killed both her and her child with an ax. Mr. Baker then sprang from the house and shot a negro dead and fatally wounded the other. The negro burglar was killed the second spring at Baker and cut his nose off.

MINERS IN A BATTLE.

One man was killed, two others are dying, and eight more seriously injured, at Eagle, W. Va., Wednesday, in a contest waged by the striking miners of the Kanawha Valley on a force of men who were working at the reduced price which the strikers had refused to accept. Much more serious trouble is feared, and Gov. McKim ordered out the militia.

DEATH OF JANET PATEY.

Mrs. Janet Monaghan Patey, the distinguished contralto singer, died at Sheffield, England. Mrs. Patey, after singing unusually well, was twice recalled and sang "The Banks of Alice Water." After leaving the stage she fainted and never regained consciousness.

DEFEATED THE GALLIOWS.

Charles Salzgars, who was sentenced to be hanged at Philadelphia, Pa., for the murder of a policeman, refused to go to the gallows. He took a mixture of match-heads and vinegar.

KILLED BY ELECTRICITY.

Matthew Johnson, who was electrocuted at Sing Sing, N. Y., for the murder of Emil Kuckelhorn.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Common to Good	\$3.50	to	\$5.25
HOGS—Shipping Grades	4.00	to	5.00
WHEAT—No. 1	82	to	84
WHEAT—No. 2	80	to	82
CORN—No. 1	34	to	36
CORN—No. 2	32	to	34
RYE—No. 1	46	to	48
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	24 1/2	to	25 1/2
EGGS—Per Dozen	50	to	60
POTATOES—Per Bushel	50	to	60
KANSAS CITIES.			
CATTLE—Shipping	\$3.00	to	\$5.00
HOGS—Choice Light	3.00	to	5.00
WHEAT—No. 1	82	to	84
WHEAT—No. 2	80	to	82
CORN—No. 1	34	to	36
CORN—No. 2	32	to	34
RYE—No. 1	46	to	48
RYE—No. 2	44	to	46
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE	\$3.00	to	\$5.00
HOGS	3.00	to	5.00
WHEAT—No. 1	82	to	84
WHEAT—No. 2	80	to	82
CORN—No. 1	34	to	36
CORN—No. 2	32	to	34
RYE—No. 1	46	to	48
RYE—No. 2	44	to	46
DETROIT.			
CATTLE	\$3.00	to	\$5.00
HOGS	3.00	to	5.00
WHEAT—No. 1	82	to	84
WHEAT—No. 2	80	to	82
CORN—No. 1	34	to	36
CORN—No. 2	32	to	34
RYE—No. 1	46	to	48
RYE—No. 2	44	to	46
TOLEDO.			
CATTLE	\$3.00	to	\$5.00
HOGS	3.00	to	5.00
WHEAT—No. 1	82	to	84
WHEAT—No. 2	80	to	82
CORN—No. 1	34	to	36
CORN—No. 2	32	to	34
RYE—No. 1	46	to	48
RYE—No. 2	44	to	46
BUFFALO.			
CATTLE	\$3.00	to	\$5.00
HOGS	3.00	to	5.00
WHEAT—No. 1	82	to	84
WHEAT—No. 2	80	to	82
CORN—No. 1	34	to	36
CORN—No. 2	32	to	34
RYE—No. 1	46	to	48
RYE—No. 2	44	to	46
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE	\$3.00	to	\$5.00
HOGS	3.00	to	5.00
WHEAT—No. 1	82	to	84
WHEAT—No. 2	80	to	82
CORN—No. 1	34	to	36
CORN—No. 2	32	to	34
RYE—No. 1	46	to	48
RYE—No. 2	44	to	46

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Gettin' close to springtime—know it by the way.

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"Get out!" "Don't bother me!" "It will be my death!" "Nonsense! you'll console yourself with some other girl." "Pray—" My uncle, whose back had been toward me, whirled round, his face red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump. "Never!" he cried; "never! Do you hear what I say?" And as I looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands he went on: "A pretty husband you look like! Without a son, and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No,' nothing under the sun can make me say 'Yes'!"

I ceased to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong an old fellow as could be found in a search. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh, and then went on with furbishing of a big double-handed sword, rusty from point to hilt.

This memorable conversation took place, in fact, in the shop of my maternal uncle, a well-known dealer in antiquities and objects d'art, 58 Rue des Claqueuses, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross"—a perfect museum of curiosities. The walls were hung with Marcellian and old Rouen china, facing ancient cuirasses, sabres and muskets and picture frames; below these were ranged old cabinets, coffers of all sorts and statues of saints, one armed or one-legged for the most part, and dilapidated as to their gilding; then, here and there, in glass cases hermetically sealed and locked, there were knickknacks in infinite variety—lachrymatories, tiny urns, rings, precious stones, crosses, necklaces, models and miniature ivory statuettes, the yellow tints of which, in the sun took momentarily a flesh-like transparency.

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"The Council!" he cried. "When my uncle pronounced that august word it made a mouthful; for a pin he would have saluted it bareheaded. But, this time, after a moment's consideration, he tapped his forehead and added, in a tone of supreme relief:

"No, the sitting does not take place before to-morrow—and I, forgetting that I have to go to the railway station to give the consignment of which I was advised this morning."

Rising from his seat and laying down his glasses he called out: "Rose, give me my cane and hat!" Then, turning toward me, he added, in a lower tone, and speaking very quickly:

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